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THE WANDERING JEW.



MOROK, THE PROPHET.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

A few years ago, under the head, "Spirit of Foreign Literature," we introduced translations from the French of Hugo, Soulié, Paul de Kock, and of many other talented continental writers.

This feature was highly appreciated by our readers, and by the press in general, who frequently expressed their conviction of the "close manner in which the articles were translated, and their freedom from that grievous fault which characterises translations in general—French phrases strung together by English

No. 1221.]

words." With these tales pains were taken to omit such passages and expressions as were not deemed in accordance with the taste of our readers; and to keep up the thread of the story, and to prevent its flagging in interest, more appropriate passages were substituted.

"The Wandering Jew," the appearance of which we advertised several months ago, will be translated by the same author, with equal care and judiciousness.

In order to keep pace with our more gigantic adversaries, who have since advertised the "Wandering Jew," and whose translations we refrain from criti-

[VOL. XLIV.

cising,—an occasional supplement will be presented gratuitously to our subscribers.

Our readers, we doubt not, after perusing the first four chapters of this number, will acknowledge that the "Wandering Jew," in English, bids fair to become a popular moral tale, written with a praiseworthy end in view.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

To C. P.

My dear friend, favour me by accepting the dedication of this work. It is a testimony of my sincere friendship, a token of my heartfelt gratitude. I shall never forget the benefit which I derived from your excellent works—the fruit of long experience—for they have enabled me (in my modest sphere of story-teller) to relate certain facts upon that important question—a question which will soon bear the sway over all others, because to the labouring classes—the mass of our population—it is a question of life and death—the organization of labour.

If, in any portion of this work, I succeeded in showing the beneficial influence a noble, good-hearted man has upon the labouring classes, thanks are due to you. If, on the contrary, I depict the fearful consequences of the want of justice, of charity, and all sympathy towards those who, for a length of time, have been subjected to the greatest privations, to the greatest miseries, suffering in silence, asking only that they may have labour—that is, the wherewith to satisfy their absolute wants—thanks are still due to you.

O, my friend, the touching affection which you testify for the mass of labourers you employ, whose physical and moral condition you are daily ameliorating, is one of those rare and glorious exceptions, that render still more deplorable the unaccountable selfishness to which an honest and industrious class of men is too often sacrificed with impunity.

Farewell, my friend. In dedicating this book to you—an eminent artist with one of the best of hearts—I can only

say, that if the work lacks in talent, you will at least find in it a true sense of generosity—an inward desire to benefit my fellow-men.

PROLOGUE.

THE TWO WORLDS.

The polar ocean surrounds with a girdle of eternal ice the confines of Siberia and North America—those extreme limits of the two hemispheres which are divided by Behring's Straits. The month of September is drawing to a close; the equinox, with its gloom and storm, has returned; night will soon succeed one of those polar days, so short and sad. The sombre blue sky is faintly illumined by a cheerless sun, whose dim disc, scarcely seen above the horizon, pales before the dazzling snow which covers those immense wastes. On the north, this desert is bounded by black gigantic rocks, at the base of which lies a petrified ocean, whose waves are now converted into vast chains of icy mountains, their blue summits disappearing in the snowy mist. On the east, between the two points of Cape Oulikine, is seen a line of dark green, along which enormous blocks of ice are slowly borne. It is Behring's Straits. On the other side of the straits stand the granite masses of Cape Wales, that form the extreme point of North America. These desolate wastes belong not to the habitable world: no human being can dwell in these regions of solitude, of frost and tempest, of famine and death. Yet, strange! traces of footsteps are seen on the snow. On the American side are those of a small foot, indicative of the passage of a female; she has directed her steps towards the rocks, from which are perceived the snowy wastes of Siberia. On the Asiatic side the imprint of a larger foot-step bespeaks the passage of a man. He also has directed his steps towards the strait. It might be thought that this man and woman, arriving at the globe's extremities, from opposite directions, had hoped to catch a glance of each other across the strait, which separates the two worlds. Stranger still, this man and woman traverses these solitudes during a fearful tempest. A few black trees, the growth of centuries, had lately been rooted up, and carried away by the tempest. Amidst this dreadful hurricane, which uprooted trees, shook mountains of ice, hurling mass upon mass with the noise of thunder, the travellers continue

their way, without deviating one moment from the line they are pursuing.

Who are these two beings who travel calmly amid the convulsions and revolutions of nature?

Chance, design, or fate places under the shoe of the man seven nails, in the form of a cross, and wherever he goes he leaves its impress behind him:—

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To see these deep imprints upon the hard and polished snow, one would deem they were imprinted by a brass foot on a soil of marble. A dark night without twilight succeeds the day. By means of the brilliant refraction of the snow, the spotless waste is seen to unfold itself under a dark blue sky. Pale stars disappear in the depths of this icy vault; the silence is solemn. Towards Behring's Straits, a faint gleam appears in the horizon; it is a soft blue light, like that which precedes the rising of the moon; it increases, beams, and assumes a roseate tint. In all the other points of the heaven's darkness increases. The white extent of the desert, lately so visible, is scarcely to be distinguished from the blackness of the firmament. In the midst of this obscurity a strange and confused noise is heard. It might proceed from the winging of bewildered night-birds, skimming along the surface of the snow, ere they alighted on it; but not a cry is heard. This fearful silence announces the approach of one of those imposing phenomena which strike all animated beings with awe, from the most savage to the most inoffensive. An aurora borealis, a frequent and magnificent sight in the polar regions, suddenly appears. On the horizon a semi-globe of dazzling light is formed, from the centre of which issue immense columns of light, that ascend high in the air, and illumine the heavens, the earth, and the sea; these brilliant refractions of light, like those of a conflagration, glide over the snowy desert, crimson the blue tops of the icy mountains, and colour, with a deep red, the dark lofty rocks of the two continents.

After this magnificent spectacle, the aurora borealis becomes gradually pale, and at length loses itself in a luminous mist. Then, owing to a singular illusion, the two continents seem to be so near, that we might imagine it possible to

connect them by a bridge. Amidst the transparent vapour which extends from shore to shore, two human forms appear. On the Siberian cape, a man on his knees is extending his arms towards America, with an expression of indescribable despair; on the American promontory, a young and beautiful woman, in reply to the desponding gesture of the man, points up to heaven.

During a few seconds these two forms are seen, pale and vapoury, in the last gleams of the aurora borealis.

The mist gradually becomes thicker, and all disappears.

From whence come those two beings who meet in the polar regions, at the extremities of the two worlds? Who are these two creatures, brought together for an instant by an optical illusion, who seem separated for eternity.

PART I.

THE WHITE FALCON INN.

CHAPTER I.—MOROK.

It was near the end of October, 1831, and although it was still daylight, a lamp with four burners shed its dim rays around the walls of a granary, the only window of which was closed, in order to shut out the light of the receding day. A ladder, whose end extended beyond the trap-door, served as a staircase. Here and there, thrown helter-skelter on the floor, were iron chains, spikes, saw-teeth, shackles, long-tubes of steel fixed into wooden handles, and, in one corner, was a small portable stove, piled up with dried wood and charcoal, which, from its combustible nature, a spark would suffice to set in a blaze.

Near this assemblage of strange implements, that resembled the paraphernalia of a hangman, were a coat of mail, a battle-axe, two long pikes, on which were stains of blood; and of a more modern date, were two Tyrolean carabines, apparently cocked and loaded. Intermixed with these barbarous and murderous instruments, was a collection of objects of a very different nature. Rosaries, chaplets, medals, *agnus dei*, founts for holy water, images of saints, and a number of pamphlets printed at Friburgh, in which divers modern miracles are related; also an autograph title of J. C., addressed to one of the faithful, and one with horrible predictions on impious and revolutionary France, for the years 1831 and 1832. On a canvass painting that hung from one of the beams of the roof, was the following inscription:

"The memorable conversion of Ignace Morok, surnamed the Prophet, who arrived at Fribourg, in the year 1622."

This picture is divided into three compartments, and represents three phases in the life of the convert.

The first represents a man, clad like the savage tribes of Northern Siberia, in deer-skin, with a fierce countenance, a long white beard, and on his head, a black fox cap. Leaning forward on his sledge, he is urging on six large dogs, to effect his escape from a herd of foxes, wolves, and bears. Beneath the picture, are the words :

"In 1610, Morok was an idolater, and fled from the pursuit of ferocious beasts."

The second compartment represents a man robed as a catechuman, and kneeling before another, habited in a long black gown. In a corner of the picture, an angel with a forbidding mien, is holding a trumpet in one hand, in the other a flaming sword, and is uttering these words:—

"Morok, the idolater, fled from the pursuit of wild beasts, but ferocious beasts will now fly before Ignace Morok, who was converted and baptized at Fribourg."

The third represents the convert, with a proud and haughty air, his head uplifted, his left hand resting on his side, his right outstretched, while tigers, hyenas, and bears, crouch at his feet in fearful submission.

Underneath are these words, as a moral conclusion of the power that mind exerts over physical strength:

"Ignace Morok is converted: ferocious beasts crouch at his feet."

To the left of the picture, are several pamphlets, which detail the astonishing power that the converted Morok acquired over animals, that the subduer of beasts performed wonders daily, not to exhibit his own courage, but to glorify the Lord.

An offensive odour forced its way through the trap-door of the granary. Every now and then a deep groan was heard. It came from Morok, who was alone in the loft. He was about forty years of age, his stature of the middle height, with limbs extremely slender. A long red pelisse, furled with sable, enwrapped him; his complexion, naturally fair, was bronzed from exposure to the sun, which his wandering life, from childhood had subjected him. His hair was of a yellowish hue, hanging, peculiar to the tribes of the Polar regions, straight and matted upon his shoulders; and his nose aquiline.

That which aided to render the physiognomy of this man so wonderfully striking, and so commanding, was a keen eagle eye, displaying an iris surrounded with a white circle.

Seated before a table, he had just opened a casket filled with crosses and other relics

of a devout nature. Secured by a secret lock, were several sealed packages, having a letter of the alphabet and a figure for the address. The prophet took one of the packets, put it into the pocket of his robe, and shutting the secret drawer, placed the casket on a shelf.

This scene took place about four in the afternoon, at the "White Falcon," the only *auberge* of the little village of Mockern, situated near Leipsic.

A few minutes had scarcely expired, when a hoarse roaring shook the walls of the loft.

"Judas, be quiet!" said the prophet, in a menacing tone.

A noise, like thunder in the distance, disturbed the prophet, who, starting to his feet, shouted, "Cain, be still!"

A third ferocious howling caused the prophet to advance towards the trap-door, and, addressing an animal by the fearful appellation of *Death*, commanded it to be still, but in spite of the angry and menacing tone of the prophet, he could not obtain silence; on the contrary, the barking of several dogs began to mingle with the roarings of the wild beasts.

Morok seized a spike, and was about to descend the ladder, when a man suddenly made his appearance. The face of the new-comer was bronzed from exposure to the sun. He wore a white broad-brimmed hat, a jacket, and green trousers. His gaiters, covered with dust, and a bag fastened to his back, indicated that he had travelled a long way.

"May the devil take these animals," he cried, on entering. "Three days' absence seem to have caused them to forget me."

This was spoken in German.

Morok demanded, in the same language, but with a foreign accent, and with apparent anxiety, "Good or bad news, Karl."

"Good news."

"You met them?"

"Yes, yesterday, about two leagues from Wittemburg."

"God be praised!" cried Morok, clasping his hands, with an expression of satisfaction. "Was the description correct?"

"Yes, faithful to the letter. The two young ladies are in mourning, the old man wore moustaches, and a blue bonnet."

"Where did you leave them?"

"About a league off. They will be here in half an hour."

"Did you enter into conversation?"

"I tried it, but failed."

"How!"

"Listen. I followed them yesterday till nightfall; then pretending to meet them by chance, I accosted the old gentleman, in German, 'Good day, and a happy journey, comrade.' In lieu of a reply, he fixed his eyes sternly upon me, then raising his

stick, pointed to the other side of the road."

"Probably he is French, and does not understand German."

"He speaks it as well as you, for I heard him give orders to the waiter for all that he and the young ladies required."

"But before going to bed, did you not make another attempt?"

"Yes, once; but he answered me in such an uncouth manner that I thought it prudent not to reply. Between you and me, and to put you on your guard, that man has the very look of a devil. Notwithstanding his grey moustaches, he appears vigorous and resolute, and he who has to do with him will find his match; therefore, master, take care of yourself; take warning."

"Java, my black panther," said Morok, with a sinister smile, "is powerful, and never fails to do his work."

"True—Death is still as vigorous and as spiteful as ever. With you only, it is peaceable."

"It is thus, notwithstanding, the brute strength of the old man that I shall manage him."

"Then, take care of yourself, master," you are active, you are as brave as any one, but believe me, you will never convert into a lamb, that old wolf who will shortly be here."

"My lion, Cain, and my tiger, Judas, do they not crouch before me, and roll in terror at my feet?"

"Yes, they do, because you possess means which——"

"Because I have *faith*—that is all," interrupted Morok, in an imperious tone, and casting a look at Karl, which caused him to hang his head, and to remain silent.

"The Lord gives me power to subdue the most ferocious animals; wherefore, then, should he not sustain me in my attack on men, who are perverted and impious."

Karl, either from a belief in the conviction of his master, or from his incapacity to enter upon so delicate a controversy, humbly replied, "You are wiser than I, master. What you do, is always well done."

"Did you follow the old man and the two young girls all the way?"

"Yes; but at a distance. I know the country, so I took a short cut across to the mountain, but seldom losing sight of them. As they approached the highway, and as night was coming on, I doubled my pace, in order that I might arrive before them, and be the bearer of what you term good news."

"Very well. You shall be rewarded; for, if these people had escaped me——" the prophet shuddered, while the expression of his face, and the tone of his voice, evinced

the importance which he attached to the intelligence he had just received.

"By-the-bye," said Karl, "a Russian courier, who rode all the way from St. Petersburg to Leipsic, without slackening his pace, to see you; perhaps, it was for——"

"Who told you," interrupted Morok, "that the courier had anything to do with these travellers. You are wrong; besides, you ought to know nothing but that which I tell you."

"Very well, master, excuse me, and I shall say no more about the matter. I shall go and help Goliath to feed the beasts, for it is near their supper time; you know, master, I must not forget the worthy giant."

"Goliath has gone out; besides, he must not be acquainted with your arrival. Neither must the old man nor the young ladies see you—suspicion would be excited if they did."

"Where do you wish me to go, then?"

"To the stable, and there wait my orders, for it is possible that you may have to set out to-night for Leipsic."

"As you like. I have still a sufficiency of provisions in my bag; but, master, remember what I told you about the old man with the grey moustaches. He is a resolute old devil, and I am afraid would turn out an awkward customer. Take care of him."

"Be easy on that matter. I am always wary."

"Good luck to you, master," said Karl, and a moment afterwards disappeared.

After having waved his hand to his servant, the Prophet walked, in meditation, up and down for some time; then opening the casket containing the papers, he took up a long letter, which he read several times with the greatest attention. Every now and then he bent his steps towards the closed shutter, and listened with intense anxiety: he was waiting with impatience the arrival of the three persons that so much interested him.

CHAPTER II.—THE TRAVELLERS.

Whilst the foregoing scene was passing at the "White Falcon," the three individuals whose arrival the Prophet so anxiously expected, were peaceably pursuing their way in the midst of verdant meadows, bounded on one side by the high-road which led to the village of Mockern. The heavens were clear and serene; the gurgling of the river, with the splashing noise of a water-mill, alone interrupted the silence of the evening; the willows, drooping into the stream, shaded the transparent waters; further on, the streamlet reflected the glowing tints of the setting sun; the tall reeds on the banks of the stream were waved by the soft

breeze of the evening; the sun slowly sank under a mass of purple clouds; whilst the tinkling of the bells of a distant flock of sheep at times mingled with the rippling of the waters.

In a pathway cut through the meadows, two young ladies, perhaps not older than fifteen, were seated on a white horse, which was led by a man of tall stature, sun-burnt face, and grey moustaches, who ever and anon gazed at the two delicate young ladies, with an air of paternal solicitude. Behind him was one of those dogs which the tribes of northern Siberia use to draw their sledges, and which, in point of size and shape, resemble the wolf.

Nothing could be more affecting, nor more interesting, than this little group. One of the young ladies held the loose reins in her left hand, while her right encircled the tender waist of her sleeping sister, whose head was reclining on her shoulder, and whose form yielded gracefully to each movement of the horse.

These two sisters, who were twins, and orphans, were called Rose and Blanche. They were so like in form and in features, that it was difficult at first, to distinguish the one from the other, therefore, a description of one will suffice. Rose was that day, —according to the plan of the guide, a veteran soldier—discharging the duty, which was taken in turns, of elder sister. Their sweet faces were partly hid by black velvet bonnets, under which a profusion of ringlets of a light chestnut hue, streamed gracefully upon their delicate shoulders, framing, as it were, their plump, rosy cheeks. Their lips were like the coral; their large bright blue eyes, from which gentleness and innocence beamed, bespoke the sweetness of their disposition; while a brow, pure and white, a small nose, a dimpled chin, gave to the countenance, an air of candour and amiability.

When a storm assailed this little group, the old soldier would carefully wrap his lovely charge in a mantle made of the skin of rein-deer, and pulled over their faces a hood made from the same impervious material.

But the evening was lovely and calm, the mantle loosely encircled the knees of the orphans, while the hood hung behind the saddle. Rose, with her right hand, encircled the waist of her sleeping sister, and was gazing upon her with an expression of tenderness almost motherly. That day Rose was the eldest, and with them, the *eldest sister* was all but a mother.

Not only did these orphans love each other, but by a psychological phenomenon, common with twins, the emotions felt by one, instantaneously shows itself in the countenance of the other. The same cause makes them startle or blush, so much do

their hearts beat in unison — therefore, grief and joy is mutually felt, and instantaneously shared. In their infancy, a cruel disease attacked these lovely flowers of one stem. Together they drooped and became languid; together they reared their heads, assumed their natural colour, and became well and healthy.

Need it be said that the mysterious links which united the orphans—these little birds called *inseparables*—could not be severed without fatally affecting their existence: need it be said that should a villain succeed in separating them, grief would lay siege to their hearts, despair would follow, and death would sum up their earthly career.

The guide, who was an old republican soldier of the Imperial Guard, was about fifty years of age—his countenance grave and morose, his limbs powerful, and a heart known only for its lion-like nature. Despite the severity of the countenance of Dagobert, who was so nicknamed, he showed the greatest tenderness for the orphans—a tenderness almost maternal,—yes, maternal. There is heroism in affection. The old soldier possessed at once the heart of a mother and that of a hero.

Dagobert, at times, would turn round to the horse, which bore the orphans, and, patting it on the back, cheer the mute animal by kind expressions. Two scars, one on the side, the other on the neck, showed that it had been his companion in the battle field. Although six months had expired since they began their travels, this gallant old animal proceeded on its way as lightly as when it first started. Jovial, whose extreme length of teeth at once told its age, indulged in a singular trick that amused all who witnessed it. For the sake of contrast, the dog was called Rabat Joie (Mar-joy), and being constantly at his master's heels, occasionally came within reach of Jovial, who unceremoniously seized it by the back, and carried it several paces. The dog, protected by its thick hair, and accustomed to the jocular ways of its companion, submitted stoically to the joke; but when it seemed to Rabat Joie that he was suspended for too long a time, he turned his head grumblingly away. The hint was taken by Jovial, who instantly placed him on the ground.

These details will serve to show the amiability that existed between the twin sisters, the old soldier, the horse, and the dog.

On drawing near the village of Mockern, Dagobert looked round in apparent astonishment; and when the sound of the water-mill struck his ear, a cloud overspread his countenance; he passed his fingers several times through his bushy whiskers; then stood still, silent and motionless.

The movement of Jovial, who stopped

abruptly behind his master, awoke Blanche, who raised her head, looked at her sister, kissed her, then casting her eyes upon Dagobert, placed her white hand upon his shoulder, uttering, in a soft and gentle tone, "Is there anything the matter with you, Dagobert?"

The veteran turned round, a large tear rolled down his furrowed cheek, and lost itself in his thick moustache.

"You weep," the orphans cried; "do tell us the cause."

"It will make you sad, my sweet children. Well, eighteen years ago, on the eve of the battle of Leipsic, I bore your father who was shot in the shoulder, and who had received two sabre wounds on the head, to this tree; I also was wounded in two places. We were taken prisoners by a renegade. Yes, by a Frenchman—a marquis who had espoused the Russian cause, and who afterwards . . . bye-and-bye, you shall know all."

After a short pause, the soldier, pointing with the end of his stick to the village of Mockern, added:—

"Yes, yes; well do I recollect the spot. On these heights, your brave father, who commanded us, overthrew the Russian cuirassiers. Had you but seen him at the head of our brigade, charging in front amidst a shower of bombs. He was a gallant commander!"

While the veteran was giving vent to his sad *souvenirs*, the orphans glided from the horse, and knelt at the foot of the old oak.

"Come, come, do not be sad," Dagobert said, on seeing the tears rushing down the crimson cheeks of the orphans. "Perhaps," he added, "we shall see General Simon at Paris. This is like an anniversary, I therefore intend telling you a great many things respecting your father."

"O, my mother—my dear mother—we shall never see her more!" muttered Rose.

The old soldier took them by the hand, and looking with an expression of extreme attachment, said, "Do not cry. It is true that your mother was one of the best of women. When she lived in Poland she was called the 'Pearl of Warsaw,' but she ought to have been named the pearl of the world, for it would be difficult to find her equal."

"But my children," he added, after overcoming his emotion, "do you remember your mother's dying words. They were, 'To think of her often, but not to lament her.'"

"Well, Dagobert, we will not weep," Rose said; and the orphans wiped off the tears that trickled down their cheeks.

"That's right, my children," the soldier said, on seeing them less dejected. "I like to see you chatting and laughing, as you have been doing these last three days; so

much so, indeed, that you could not hear me when I asked a question."

The sisters blushed, looked at each other, then exchanged a half smile.

"Come along, my children; we must now push on to Mockern, in order that we may be there before night-fall. I must secure a place for you to sleep in. As for myself, now that our purse is light, I am contented to lie at your door on a straw mattress, with Rabat Joie at my feet."

"Yes, Dagobert," Rose said, "and to save more, you tell us that you must attend to our domestic affairs yourself, and when we reach our resting place, you begin washing as if it were not—"

"You?" interrupted the soldier; "I allow you to chap your pretty little hands? Do you not know that a soldier in campaign always washes his own linen? and at both washing and ironing I was always considered *au fait*. Till we reach Paris I will continue as I have begun; when there, our papers and the medal which you wear will do the rest."

"Our mother, on her death-bed, gave us it," said Blanche, taking from her bosom a small bronze medal, on which were the following inscriptions:—

"Victim
of
L. C. D. J.
Pray for me.
Paris,
13th February, 1832."

"Paris,
3, St. Francis-street.
In a century and a half
will be
the 13th February, 1835.
PRAY FOR ME."

"What's the meaning of this, Dagobert? Mother could not tell us."

"We shall speak of it to-night. Come, my poor children: another look at the spot where your father fell, and then to horse."

The orphans cast a sad look at the spot, and with the assistance of the soldier, remounted Jovial.

On reaching Mockern, Dagobert asked a man to tell him which was the cheapest inn in the village, and he was directed to the "White Falcon."

CHAPTER III.—THE ARRIVAL.

Morok opened impatiently the aperture in the loft, which commanded a view of the "White Falcon." He gazed anxiously around for the two orphans and the soldier, but not perceiving them, he walked restlessly backwards and forwards, with his hands crossed upon his bosom.

Born in the north of Siberia, Morok had been in his youth exceedingly intrepid, and one of the most daring bear-hunters.

In 1810, he abandoned that calling, and became the guide of a Russian engineer engaged in exploring the polar regions. Afterwards he was employed as an imperial courier, subject to the caprice of a despot, who would send him on a frail sledge from Persia to the Frozen Ocean.

After walking several times up and down the loft, he suddenly stopped, leant his head towards the window, and listened. This man had the exquisite sense of hearing of a savage. "They come—they come," he cried; and his fierce eye gleamed with joy.

The night was dark, and the wind blew so strong, that the lamp which served to light the new comers into the inn, was nearly extinguished.

Sure of his prey, Morok withdrew from the window, and began to reflect how he should put his projects into execution; then approaching the ladder, called out, "Goliath."

"Yes, master," was answered in a hoarse voice.

"Come hither."

"I have just returned from the slaughter-house, and have brought the meat."

This man, who was appropriately named Goliath, was upwards of six feet high, with the frame of a Hercules. His sunken eyes and low forehead, his bristly hair, and matted beard, gave him the aspect of a savage. Between his teeth, he held a piece of meat, which weighed at least ten or twelve pounds. He adopted this mode of holding the meat, that he might use his hands in climbing the ladder, which shook beneath his weight. When he reached the loft, he opened his mouth, dropped the quarter of beef, and began to lick the blood from off his moustaches.

"Were you below when the travellers arrived at the inn?"

"Yes, master, I was coming from the slaughter-house."

"What are they?"

"There are two young girls upon a white horse, and an old man with large moustaches. But where is the cleaver; the beasts are hungry, and I am hungry—the—"

"Did you observe into which apartment they were conducted?"

"Into the building that looks into the fields. But the cleaver, where is—"

A horrible roaring interrupted Goliath, shaking the walls of the loft.

"Do you hear that," Goliath cried, "hunger will drive them mad; they ought to have had their supper two hours ago."

Morok, without heeding him, said—"And the young girls are in the building, at the bottom of the court."

Goliath, thinking only of the beasts' and his own supper, remained silent, looking in amazement at the prophet.

"Reply, brute."

"If I am a brute, I have the strength of brutes," Goliath retorted, in a gruff tone; "and when fighting with brutes, I always play my part."

After a moment's pause, the prophet said, "Goliath, you must not give the animals

any food this evening. Mark me well. Obey, and hold your tongue." Then walking pensively up and down the loft, he continued, "You remember the burgomaster's house, where I was this morning. Go and ask the servant, if I shall be sure to find her master if I call early to-morrow?"

"By the horns of the devil," cried Goliath, "must I go there before feeding the beasts? I wish Karl were here; he would tell me how it is that you will not allow me to feed them. The eyes of Death are already like two candles; allow me to give it only a mouthful."

"The panther must not be fed; if you are hungry, there," pointing to the raw meat that lay at his feet, "is plenty of meat—eat"

"I never eat without my beasts, nor they without me."

Morok tapped the shoulder of Goliath, and said in a milder tone, "There are flourins to be gained to-night."

"Tell me how," demanded the giant, with an air of satisfaction.

"By going to the burgomaster's; but before setting out, light the fire, put the end of this iron-rod into it; return speedily, and wait for me here."

The prophet then descended the ladder, and disappeared.

CHAPTER IV. — MOROK AND DAGOBERT.

No sooner had Dagobert arrived at the inn, and seen to the comfort of his little charge, than he began, with an imperturbable gravity peculiar to himself, to wash the different articles that would be required for his next day's journey. All the old soldier thought of was to economise the light purse of the orphans, to be attentive to them, and to spare them trouble. Feminine occupations form part of the duty of a soldier; a day of battle brings into use needles, thread, buttons, and scissors; a wound in the body is always accompanied by a rent in the garment.

Perhaps it would be impossible to tell a better anecdote than the following, in explanation of the *soubriquet* of Dagobert, bestowed on Francis Baudoin, the guardian of the two orphans, one of the bravest of the Imperial Guard.

The battle continued all day, and when evening came on, no decisive advantage had been gained by either party. The company to which Baudoin belonged was sent to guard the ruins of a deserted village. During the day, our cavalier had fought valiantly without being wounded, for he looked upon a deep scratch which an awkward *kuiserlitz* gave him in the thigh with his bayonet, as a mere *token* to remember the battle. If Baudoin cared little about his skin, he was otherwise with regard to

his habiliments: no sooner had he received the wound, than, looking at the rent which the bayonet had made, he shouted out, "Scoundrel, my new trousers," and revenged himself by dealing out a blow which disabled the Austrian.

In the evening, at bivouac, Baudoin took his mending apparatus from his knapsack, picked out the best needle and thread, armed his finger with a thimble, took off his trousers, and began to perform the duties of a tailor. His partial dress was somewhat against discipline, but when the captain made his rounds, he could not prevent himself from bursting into a fit of laughter at the old soldier, who—seated on his haunches, by the light of the fire,—his large cap on his head, his coat on his back, his boots on one side of him, his torn trousers over his knees—was sewing with the *sang-froid* of a tailor seated in his own workshop.

Suddenly the report of a gun was heard, and the captain, with a voice like thunder, shouted out, "To arms." In an instant every soldier was in his saddle, but the unfortunate Baudoin, baffled for time, thrust his legs into his trousers, the inside out, and without putting on his boots, jumped into his saddle.

A party of Cossacks taking advantage of a neighbouring wood, attempted to surprise the detachment. The skirmish was a bloody one, and Baudoin, fired with rage about his lost boots and his torn trousers, fought like a fury. With his own hand he hewed down two Cossacks, and made prisoner of an officer, which gave great satisfaction to his commandant, who, seeing the whole affair by the light of the moon, could not but admire the valour of the grenadier.

After the skirmish was over, the captain ranged his soldiers in battle array, and ordered the mender of trousers to approach, as it was his intention to congratulate him before the company for his bravery.

Judge of the surprise of the officer and the soldiery when they saw the gaunt figure of the grenadier, his head bent downwards, his bare feet in the stirrups, with the reins of his horse hanging between his naked legs.

The captain advanced towards him in astonishment, but suddenly recollecting the position in which the soldier was, when the cry "To arms" was given, he understood the whole.

"Ah! oh! old fox," the captain said, "you wish to imitate King Dagobert, by putting on your trousers inside out."

In spite of the most rigid discipline, shouts of laughter burst forth from the soldiery, while the disconsolate Baudoin seated upright in his saddle, his left thumb on the button of his well adjusted reins, the handle of his sword hanging by his right side, in perfect coolness, and without chang-

ing a muscle of his countenance, took a half-round, and reached the ranks, after having received the congratulations of his captain.

(To be continued.)

THE RIVAL CLANS.

"Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
Tis the pibroch's shrill summons, but not to the hall."
Waverley.

Most readers must be familiar with the details of that terrific judicial combat which took place on the North Inch of Perth, between thirty men of the clan Chattan, and the same number of the clan Kay, as it forms the groundwork of Sir Walter Scott's charming romance, "The Fair Maid of Perth." Scotland, at this time, seems to have been a prey to family feuds, which were often productive of great bloodshed. In 1398, the earl of Crawford had a new commission for suppressing insurrections in different parts of the Highlands, and a singular expedient was adopted to extinguish one between the two tribes just spoken of. This was by thirty on each side engaging as champions for their respective clans, whose differences were to be decided by the event. The North Inch of Perth (the Scottish *Campus Martius*), was fixed upon as the scene of action, and galleries were constructed for the spectators, among whom were Robert III and all his court. On the day appointed, one of the clan Chattan was missing, but none of the opposite clan would retire to equalise the number. At last, a spectator, Henry Wynd (the hero of the romance, and the successful suitor of the Fair Maid), a smith or armourer, agreed to supply the deficiency upon condition of receiving a French crown for his services, which was accordingly paid. After a most dreadful slaughter, victory declared in favour of the clan Chattan, chiefly through the valour and superior swordsmanship of the "gow chrom," or smith. The combatants of the clan Kay were all cut off but one, who is described in the tale as "Conachar," or "Eachin," who threw himself into the Tay, and escaped; this point, however, is disputed. Such is the foundation upon which Scott raised the splendid superstructure before-mentioned. It is a creation of singular beauty, brilliant variety, and lively interest; abounding with vivid descriptions and exquisite pathos, with more of the picturesque than is to be found in many of his other productions. It also possesses this singular characteristic: the hero is a blacksmith, and he leaves him a blacksmith still—an experiment which none but a novelist of the first order would have attempted. The "glee-maiden," also, is quite original, a "gem of purest ray serene," and alone superior to half the heroines of many of our present fashionable novels. A brief

Illustration of this dire event may interest many admirers of the *Waverley Novels*. The clan Chattan was very numerous and powerful, and was early divided into two principal branches; one of which acknowledged MacPherson of Cluny, and the other MacIntosh of that ilk, as its chief; and this division had given rise to a keen dispute between these two "rival clans," respecting the chiefship. Without entering into the disputes of the claimants, it is allowed that MacPhersons are the lineal and feudal representatives of the ancient chiefs of the clan Chattan; whereas the right alleged by the MacIntoshes is but collateral. It is very difficult to decide on these points, from the obscurity in which the early history of this clan is involved. Major, the historian, after mentioning the defection of the clans Chattan and Cameron from Alexander of the Isles, in 1429, when he was defeated by James I, states that these tribes were of the same stock, and that they followed one head of the race as chief; whereas, it is certain that nearly forty years before that time, these tribes had separated, and had been engaged in mutual hostilities. The cause of this disunion among the different branches of the clan Chattan is unknown; it was, doubtless, a question of precedence. Two hostile leagues were formed, and it was at length resolved, as already stated, that their disputed claims should be decided by a judicial combat of thirty men on each side. The description of this barbarous and sanguinary encounter has been given by Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather," in a more simple and unadorned style than in his romance, as being better suited to the capacity of the youth to whom they were addressed; although both narrations are given with wonderful truth and spirit. Except the fact that it took place in 1396, that the warriors were

"All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,"

and armed with sword, axe, and dagger. We are ignorant of the precise nature of the quarrel, and nearly so as the precise clans who had agreed to settle it in so unusual a manner. The clans called Kay or Quhele, and Chattan, by Scott and others, were, by the ancient authorities, called Yha and Quhele; and from this circumstance, some authors have erroneously concluded that the MacPhersons were the clan Yha, and the MacIntoshes the clan Quhele. Buchanan disdains to pollute the pages of his classical history with such uncouth and barbarous names. It is, however, beyond dispute, that the clan Chattan was victorious in the conflict, and the point may be thus settled; the MacIntoshes are acknowledged as the chiefs of the clan Chattan, though under a different denomination; but, as before stated, *both* clans at the present

day assert their claims to the chiefship. A painful and melancholy interest is attached to the MacPhersons from the very active part which they took in the rebellion of 1715; and in 1745, a powerful body of them was advancing rapidly to join the standard of Prince Charles, when the disastrous battle of Culloden destroyed the hopes of Cluny's family, and involved all his adherents in one common ruin.

"'Tis finish'd! then thunders are hush'd on the moors,
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair!"

After this defeat, the situation of the clan became peculiarly distressing. The very same year, Cluny had been appointed to a company in Lord Loudon's Highlanders, and had taken the oaths to the government; but his clan was impatient to join the descendant of their ancient kings, and though he hesitated for a time between duty and inclination, the latter finally prevailed, and he was ruined. His life was thus forfeited to the laws, and much diligence was used to capture and bring him to justice. But neither the fear of danger nor the hope of reward could induce any of his clan to betray him. He lived nine years in a cave at a short distance from his own house, which had been burnt to the ground by the government troops.

"Heaven's fire is around to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood."

Such was their unwearied vigilance during that long period, that no trace of him could be discovered, although a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension. He was the agent by whose means Charles Edward long endeavoured to keep up a correspondence with his "faithful mountaineers," as he always styled them. At length, wearied out with his monotonous and hopeless state of existence, and despairing of pardon, the chief escaped to France, where he died the following year. Some time after his death, the estate was restored to his family, through the intercession of James MacPherson, the celebrated translator of the "Poems of Ossian," to whom it was offered, but who had sufficient disinterestedness to decline the proffered gift. It is *still* in the possession of one of the worthy descendants of the clan Chattan. C. P. J.

REMARKABLE GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.

A most invaluable discovery has just been made by a Board of Crown Commissioners—a discovery which promises to be

as important for the people of England as that which first taught how apples fall, or how they get into the dumpling; and second only in novelty to that memorable one of Sir Joseph Banks, that "fleas are not lobsters." We refer to the sudden appearance of a large Island to the west of England—not a hundred miles from Holyhead; an Island, green and fertile, and full of undeveloped resources, and which has been hitherto most unaccountably overlooked by British geographers and economists, in their too eager search for distant colonies and continents. In outline this new Island curiously resembles a fat pig, and has accordingly received the name of "Young Monster." The natives live principally upon roots, but are acquainted with the use of coins and other symbols of civilisation. The log-huts in which they reside are said to be more wretched than those of the North American Indians—one shovel-full of earth heaped upon another, with some field-stones mixed up in it, till the walls are sufficiently high, form the sides, the roof being sods taken from a bog; not even the semblance of a window is to be seen, and only one square hole in the front, which serves at once for window, chimney, house-door, and stable-door—light, smoke, pigs, men, women, and children, all passing in and out of this hole. In some parts of the country—although known to abound in coal, lime, marble, granite, and other valuable minerals, and requiring but a moderate outlay, according to the report, to return from ten to twenty per cent under judicious management—there are tracts where one might suppose himself in a wilderness, deserted by God and man, where all around is but rock, morass, and ruggedness, and where every object appears clad, not in a green and yellow but in a thorough brown melancholy. The traveller thinks himself in a land given up by man to wild beasts. But when he looks more narrowly between the rocks and bogs, he perceives to his astonishment something green, like potato-plants. His curiosity induces him to approach the spot: he steps unexpectedly on a soft yielding sod, and plunges into a hut, a man's dwelling, whose existence he had not remarked, because the roof was at one side as low as the ground, and appeared to the eye just as black, turfy, and heathy as the ground around it. Yet in this very wilderness there are immense fields now lying unproductive, which not only possess a surface of great vegetative power, but immediately beneath this surface conceal the inexhaustible materials of reclamation and improvement; and if the natural resources of the land were brought into operation, one district would furnish employment not only to its native population but to those of other districts to an incalculable extent. One portion bound

ded by an immense lake, which a short canal of a quarter of a mile would connect with the ocean and the finest harbour in the world, including a surface of 200,000 acres, possesses within itself such unbounded natural resources, that the outlay of capital required for the purpose of reclamation and improvement would be quite inconsiderable when compared with the certain and great return which would inevitably arise from a judicious expenditure and good management. Sir Robert Peel himself has been already forcibly struck with the valuable promise of this district, and has had special correspondence with the Marquis of Clanricarde and other noblemen on the subject, promising the assistance of government to the extent of several pounds and odd shillings in reclaiming it, and agreeing that "something must be done."

There is a large portion of this barbarous country covered with bogs, but the water-power of the Island is amply sufficient to submerge all those, and destroy the vegetative principle of the morass, according to the mode so successfully adopted by Napoleon to reclaim the country round Ghent, which now exhibits the finest cornfields in Europe. Limestone gravel, also, another means to the same end, as well as coral sand, is equally abundant, and would be equally efficacious; and, apart from all speculation, there are thousands of rich acres, which a very little expense and trouble would rescue from periodical river flood. But such is the desperate ignorance of the poor aborigines of this savage Island, and such the inertness of their chiefs (who are said to belong to another race, like the Tartars in China), that kelp and sea-weed, and other valuable manures, are left to rot upon the shore, not more from want of roads than from want of appreciation of their value to agriculture.

It is thought that it would be good policy to offer a compensation to the natives and to their chiefs, in the same manner as has been done with the aborigines of New Zealand, and to hand over the lands to civilised Englishmen, to improve and cultivate for mutual and general benefit: by which no doubt all parties might be the better. But it is feared that the chiefs, as has been the case, indeed, in New Zealand, and other similar cases, might become aware, by contact with civilisation, of the value of the lands to those who can make use of them, and, like the dog in the manger, refuse to deliver up what must be a burden to them to take charge of. The commissioners content themselves with observing on this head:—that palpable as are both the evil and the remedy, the latter could not hitherto be applied, either from want of co-operation amongst the proprietors of land, or from want of a compulsory power to purchase

THE MIRROR.

their interests." (We are informed on good authority that the chiefs themselves are beginning to exhibit not a little pluck and generosity of themselves; and are determined to render all foreign interference unnecessary. We shall be glad to have this confirmed). The committee which is now sitting on New Zealand land titles will doubtless establish some sound precedent here, and may probably consider the propriety of adopting the New Zealand system of *native reserves*, in lieu of all preliminary compensation in the shape of beads or tobacco, for lands which are worthless in their present owners' hands.

The chiefs, however, although, like the Chinese Tartars, seldom resident amongst the savage natives, are not altogether unmindful of them, but supply large quantities of religious books as well as priests for their spiritual necessities, and have, indeed (such is their great generosity), in addition to the national church, which is supported by the people, afforded the benighted natives the benefit of a Tartar establishment, which it is the pride and privilege of all the inhabitants to pay for, even though they do not go near it.

Nor is this all—although neither native guides nor the absent chiefs put much faith in the systematic reclamation of the soil, or the supply of physical comforts, the chiefs are not less anxious for other means of amelioration, than the great leader of their native tribe called Raupero-dan, whom the inhabitants have voluntarily chosen. While Raupero-dan inculcates that the only means of salvation is to pay him as much money as they can, and to have nothing to do with their Tartar chiefs, the latter propose to cure every evil by giving every savage a right to vote for a deputy to go up to the great council of the nation, and make speeches for the people, which (the speeches, of course, and not the people) are to be bought very cheaply, and are distributed all over the country; and these votes are considered so valuable that the possessors find no difficulty in disposing of them at a good price, and so eke out their scanty supply of potatoes.

The chiefs are, moreover, about to lay down grand railways on all sides to connect one bog with another, and in order to facilitate the registration and canvassing of their voters: and, perhaps, too, in the prospect that by planting beautiful stations and railroads in all directions, they will probably see Birmingham and Lancashires spring up out of the bogs, just as the Yorkshire boy helped himself to salt in case any one should offer him an egg. We, of course, say nothing as to the wisdom of this, though some cavillers will have it that it would be nearly as safe a speculation to establish an Italian Opera in the Rookery of St. Giles;

and they insist that common tramways of timber would probably leave a balance for the creation of useful markets at the ends of them.

We need not here speculate on what would have been the conduct of our own enlightened government had the discovery of this Island been made at an earlier period. We need not insist how eagerly they would have hailed the means of providing new homes for our wretched fellow-countrymen: with what spirit and energy they would have set about systematically to reclaim and promote the cultivation of those fertile lands of which there are now known (by the report) to be millions of acres: how our aristocracy would have blessed their stars (and garters) at the opportunity afforded them, by Providence, of planting a bold yeomanry on those shores out of our present harassed and anxiously competing farmers, who, in their turn, would soon have created a noble "estate" of peasantry, with *their own* maypoles to dance round, and their own winter firesides. How would our Peels and Russells have devoted themselves to the location of those lands, and the requisite investment in their reclamation at the prime cost of this wealthy nation, seeing that even our barbarous and natural enemies the French, promote national works at the national expense: seeing, moreover, that as ten per cent. would be safely realised on the investment, they would have the opportunity of giving to English yeomen the chance of becoming freeholders by repaying the state its investment in the course of ten or twelve years. But it is useless to speculate on what might have been done. Let us rather consider what we now can do, or rather what our rulers will hasten to do with this kind godsend.

Of one district, very near that we have already referred to, and to the improvement of which the only obstacle is its present liability to flood, which the savage natives do not know how to prevent, it is said:—

"To the consideration of this case we have given much attention from the particular nature of the district, and the great degree of improvement which will be effected by its successful drainage. To remove the barriers to the free discharge of these floods will not only confer great advantages upon the lands in the basins referred to, but affords the means for the successful drainage of large tracts above them. The drainage of one large portion will be sufficiently simple, and will be amply remunerative (First Report, p. 3)." How lamentable to think that such a country should so long have remained unknown to our beneficent bishops and pious and philanthropic statesmen, to say nothing of lord Brougham, and that ocean of the milk of human kindness which, from Exeter Hall,

disperses its streams to distant lands, as from an inexhaustible dairy.

The commissioners, are wisely determined on no half-measures. "To many," say they, "it appears that the adoption of partial, or, as we deem them, half-measures, would be sufficient, and because they would alleviate, in a degree, for the present, the evils complained of, that they should be employed. But experience has shown, particularly in this class of works, that half-measures are ultimately the most expensive, as in a few years the lands revert to their original state, and that, in order to effect a permanent good as far as practicable, a full and complete measure of improvement must be adopted." Doubtless, the commissioners had in their eye such half-measures as the removal of London Bridge without further embankment of the Thames, a step which now threatens to topple Westminster Bridge and Somerset House into the river. "The gradual improvement in agriculture," they go on to observe, "and the reclamation of uplands, perceptibly increases the inundation in the lower lands and valleys of the country. In some districts, many bridges which were formerly quite sufficient in waterway for the discharge of the waters from the uncultivated upper lands, are now either carried away by the floods, or form such an obstruction to their discharge as to cause the inundation of large tracts of lands above them." Perhaps to some analogous principle in the moral and political world, is it owing that, as Mr. Coningsby has discovered, "conservatism will no longer conserve:" the Reform Bill having knocked down the Old London Bridge of the law, the tidal current is too much for the other ancient institutions at Westminster.

In conclusion of their First Report on the drainage and reclamation of this remarkable Monster Island, the commissioners observe that "the *increase itself*, in the value of the lands drained, will defray the expense, with interest on the borrowed money, in ten or a less number of years after the completion of the works, in proportion as the per centage of return amounts to, or exceeds, eleven per cent. per annum on the expenditure."

In the Second Report we are presented with a catalogue of districts embracing 50,000 acres already surveyed, on which the estimated investment (in various sums) of £150,000 holds out an estimated return £16,000, per annum, the per centage varying from nine to nineteen per cent!

We must return to this interesting subject, again expressing our gratitude to Providence for this most valuable drift of a colony to our very doors. and our hopes that conservatism may be willing and able to conserve it. But, alas! we fear that to

the cry of "Young Monster" as to that of "Young England," our Monster Island may too justly exclaim—

"TIMBO DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LAUDERDALE.



Arms.—Or. a lion rampant, dechaussée, within a double-tressure flory counter flory, gu.

Crest.—A lion, argent, affronté, gu.; ducally crowned, holding in the dexter paw a sword, p.pr.; pommel and hilt, or.; in the sinister a fleur-de-lis, az.

Supporters.—Two eagles' wings expanded, p.pr.

Motto.—*Consensu et animis*. "By wisdom and courage."

This ancient and noble family has been established at Thirlestane, in Berwickshire, for nearly six centuries. Sir Richard de Maitland, as the name was formerly written, is mentioned as the first known ancestor. He gave divers lands to the abbey of Dryburgh, in the reign of Alexander III. Descended from him, Sir Richard de Maitland, twelfth feudal lord of Thirlestane, was a person of considerable importance in his day. In 1552 and 1560, he was one of the commissioners appointed to adjust the differences with England on the subject of the Debatable land on the Borders. In 1554, he was constituted one of the extraordinary lords of session, and in 1561, one of the ordinary lords. The following year he was made keeper of the privy seal, which he resigned in 1667 in favour of his second son. He retired from the bench in 1584, on which occasion James VI acknowledged by letter Sir Richard's "faithful services to his grandsire, goodsire, gooddame, mother, and himself;" by which it would seem that he was employed seventy years, at least, in the public service. He was known in the literary world by his history of the family of Seton, and poems on various subjects. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Cranstoun, and by her he had two sons, William and John. The former was secretary of state for Scotland, and one of the principal actors in the stormy scenes of Mary's reign. Being

deprived of his office, and proclaimed a traitor, he terminated his own existence. His son being a Catholic, sold his property, and withdrew to the continent. The title in consequence came to John, the second son of Sir Richard. He filled the high offices of lord privy seal, judge of the court of session, secretary of state, and lord high chancellor of Scotland. He was raised to the peerage, May 18, 1590, by the title of lord Maitland of Thirlestane. His lordship married Jane, only daughter and heir of James, fourth lord Fleming, and grand-daughter, on the maternal side, of James Hamilton, duke of Chatelherault. On his death in 1595, his lordship was succeeded by John, his only son, who was created viscount Lauderdale, April 2, 1616, lord Thirlestane and Bolton, viscount Maitland, and earl of Lauderdale, with remainder to his heirs male, bearing the name of Maitland. He was president of the council, and one of the ordinary lords of the session, and married Isabel, daughter of Alexander, earl of Dumfermline, by whom he had issue, two sons and a daughter. He died in January, 1643, and was succeeded by his elder son, John, who distinguished himself in the civil wars, and was installed, after the restoration, a knight of the garter, and appointed high commissioner of Scotland, and created, May 2, 1672, marquess of March and duke of Lauderdale in Scotland, and enrolled among the peers of England, June 25, 1674, as baron Petersham and earl of Guildford, in Surrey. His grace married Anne, second daughter of Alexander, first earl of Home, co-heir with his sister Margaret, countess of Moray, of her brother, James, second earl of Home, by whom he had an only daughter. The second wife of the duke, to whom he was married February 17, 1671-72, was Eliza, countess of Dysart, relict of Sir Lionel Talmash, Bart., by whom he had no issue. He died in 1682, when his own honours expired with him, and those of his family went to his brother Charles, who was married in 1652 to Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Richard Lauder, Esq., of Hatton, in the county of Edinburgh, by whom he had six sons and two daughters. The earl was general of the mint, deputy-treasurer, and one of the judges of the court of session of Scotland, and a baronet of Nova Scotia (created May, 12, 1672). He died in 1691, and was succeeded by Richard, his eldest son. This nobleman was a privy councillor, a general of the mint, and lord-justice general from 1681 to 1684. In 1694 he was outlawed for his adhesion to the fortunes of James II. He died in Paris in 1695, when the peerage devolved upon his brother. This was John, the fifth earl, who became one of the lords of session, under the title of lord Raveling.

He married Lady Margaret Cunningham, only child of Alexander, tenth earl of Glencairn, and heir of that ancient family. By her he had three sons and a daughter. On his death in August, 1710, he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son. Charles, the sixth earl, had eight sons, who all had families. He was one of the representative peers in 1741, and died in 1744, and was succeeded by his eldest son, James, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and one of the representative peers. He married, in 1749, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Lambe, alderman of the city of London, by whom he had issue, three sons and five daughters. His lordship died August 17, 1789, when his eldest son, James, born January 26, 1759, succeeded to the title. Having married, August 13, 1782, Eleanor, only daughter and heir of Anthony Todd, Esq., by whom he had issue, four sons and five daughters; he obtained the English barony by protest, February 15, 1806. Lord Lauderdale is heritable standard-bearer for Scotland.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XV.—THE DRAMA.

When the Sheridans and the Colmans were the writers, and Garrick, Foote, Macklin, and Berry the performers, who stood at the head of the dramatic world, a visit to a theatre was considered an intellectual treat, and the stage was trodden by gentlemen and scholars, not degraded into an arena for the display of vulgar passions. The charge of admission was, perhaps, high; but then, the evening's amusement, and it is not too much to add, instruction, were always worth the money. Addison and Steele, Home and Congreve, Smollett and Fielding, supplied the stage with as brilliant a collection of tragedies and comedies as had ever been produced; and fortunately for the dramatists, there were performers qualified to represent their characters, and to give to them that force and vigour, tempered by discretion and gentlemanly moderation, which they had intended. Then, prologues and epilogues, written by such men as Pope and Garrick, received their merited admiration; and although the subsequent productions of Captain Topham and Horace Walpole converted these addresses rather into satirical orations, their reproofs of the reigning follies were always just, and their wit never approached to vulgarity.

A theatrical critic complains, in the "Weekly Magazine" for 1770, that instead of the prologue being an outline, and the epilogue a moral application of the drama to which they were attached, they had be-

come "pointed satires of men and manners;" but, glancing over a few succeeding pages, we find the prologue to the last new comedy, which contains as just, though severe, remarks on fashionable foibles, as they merited; and shows that, if they did not point out the plot of the forthcoming drama, the prologues of the time were far more serviceable in pointing out the follies and frivolities of the world, and holding them up to the ridicule and condemnation of the audience.

In the eighteenth century, reigned, in its full majesty, our "native talent;" when a performer was not thought any the worse because he was an Englishman, and when the Counts and Messieurs, the Herrs and Signiors of the continent, were not suffered to set feet upon the British boards. There were then no foreign mountebanks, whose recommendations were their moustaches and italianised names, trespassing upon the stage; but English dramas, founded upon English history, or illustrating English character, were performed by English actors. It was truly the reign of the national and legitimate drama—of the British drama, which never had its equal, and which was the admiration of those continental nations from which our present scanty supply of theatrical performances is principally drawn.

But the sunny days of the drama are gone by, and its dark, dreary winter is set in. Shade of immortal Garrick! what think you of the depraved taste which introduces a promenade concert upon the stage of thine "Old Drury," or prefers a combat of wild beasts to the tragedies of Shakspeare?

CHAPTER XIV.—COFFEE-HOUSES AND THEIR POLITICIANS.

Coffee-houses have had their days, and that day was decidedly in the eighteenth century. They are now rapidly becoming out of date, other resorts have sprung up, and reading-rooms and club-houses are usurping the place which coffee-houses held in public estimation a hundred years ago. We have now no rendezvous of wits, of poets, or of politicians; the glories of Dolly's chop-house, the Grecian coffee-house, or the famed St. James's, are faded, and though the walls yet stand, the suns that illumined their horizons are set. White's chocolate-house and Will's coffee-house are no more, and the fame of many of their once most conspicuous visitors is equally obscure. Button's coffee-house is no longer favoured by the Spectator's visits; and the Tatlers and the Guardians, could they revisit the scenes of their speculations, would be puzzled to find their favourite resorts among the modern buildings which have crowded round them.

Yet, in the eighteenth century, these coffee-houses were in the zenith of their fame, and Child's and Button's, White's and Will's, the St. James's and the Grecian, formed at once the literary and political world of London. Many a knotty question which had for months perplexed the brains of a Pitt or Walpole, a Chatham or a Fox, has been decided in the coffee-house, and the political economists who assembled in its parlour, have frequently paid and repaid—*on paper only*—the alarming total of the national debt.

Oh, how anxiously did those eager politicians await the arrival of the "Postboy," or the "Ledger;" and when they did arrive, what loud discussions they provoked. "The parlour of the Grecian" is particularly alluded to by Addison, as the resort of these coffee-house politicians; and at all times of the day, they were to be found, each little party in its own peculiar box, engaged in animated discussion on some topic of importance.

But politicians were not the only visitors to these favourite resorts: one house was peculiar to poets, who assembled nightly to entertain each other with their manuscripts, and canvass their respective merits! another was used only by the clergy, and here were discussed such deep theological controversies and evangelical questions as made the very walls look solemn; a third was a favoured rendezvous of wits, where they repaired to narrate their day's adventures, their amours and intrigues, to give their opinion of the last new play, or to toast their respective mistresses. Others were used, as now, by stock-jobbers and merchants, but these were in the locality of the Exchange, and at some distance from the usual haunts of wits and poets—the neighbourhoods of Paternoster Row, Fleet Street, Temple Bar, and Covent Garden. In a few, gambling was practised to an extraordinary extent, and, what with their political anxiety, which entirely superseded all private cares and considerations, and their pursuit of games of hazard, the visitors of the coffee-houses were seldom any more than needy loungers, who generally concluded some grave political discussion with the request that you would favour them with the loan of half-a-crown. A. A.

TRAVELS IN THE TOMB, OR THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

In his eagerness to study anything that might show what had been the state of the fine arts in the middle ages, a learned Frenchman explored, with great care, the catacombs at Rome. M. Agincourt may be said to have journeyed in those vast receptacles of death: and it would appear that his travels were not unaccompanied by

peril. Losing his way, he was in considerable danger of not "visiting upper air."

The catacombs near the church of St. Agnes extend a great way beneath the valley which surrounds that structure. Branches of it extend to the river on the Salarca way. M. Agincourt says of them:—

"These catacombs had long been closed; I had them opened some years ago in the hopes of finding monuments. My undertaking was unsuccessful, and it exposed me to considerable peril. My guides, who did not know all the turnings in these caverns, were lost, as well as myself, for more than an hour. We had some difficulty in keeping our feeble light, and were all very near ending our lives there. The same accident happened before to an artist, my old friend, M. Robert; and my draughtsman, Macchiavelli, when he was alone was once exposed to the like danger. Montfaucon, in his *Diarium Italicum*, relates that a similar accident happened to another Frenchman and himself. We got out of this catacomb at last, through one of the openings which served for the purpose of letting down the dead bodies in the first ages of christianity. This opening is in the middle of the ruins of a monastery, which, if it be not of the same epoch as the churches of St. Agnes and St. Constantia, is not of a much later date."

His vivid picture of the feelings inspired while he was thus exploring the abodes of the departed, and of the situation in which he found himself, will be perused with interest.

"Ought I," he says, "to risk the expression of the sentiments which I have so often felt whilst wandering through these celebrated places in search of the monuments my work required, and sometimes remaining alone, far from my guides, under these dark vaults, where no plant, no bird, no animal, presents the image of life, I found myself seated amongst so many tombs constructed above my head, or hollowed out beneath my feet, or when I traced by the light of a torch those winding passages which presented themselves on all sides to my astonished eye. A vague anxiety at first seized me; my fancy was overwhelmed by the multitude of ideas which religion, history, philosophy, offered to me at once; the deep silence that surrounded me gradually restored the calm of my spirits; an agreeable reverie took possession of me, and I enjoyed a repose almost like that of that of the millions of dead who have slept in these cemetries for fifteen hundred years. And I also, I said, will sleep here one day with you; but before my dust is laid here, I desire to honour your manes by the brilliant recollections that are attached to the history of the arts, of the arts that have often been indebted for their

cultivation and their success to the homage which the faithful have paid to your holy victories."

His representation of what may be called the consummation of human decay, is the most striking delineations we have ever seen of the slow moulderings in the grave. We add the result of one of his investigations.

"The receptacles were hollowed out for one or more bodies. In that which I opened on the 12th of May, 1780, I found two: the head of one body touched the feet of the other. This position, as well as a slight difference, which I thought I observed in the structure, induced me to believe that these two persons had been a man and a woman. I could only distinguish, as to the form, some vestiges of the principal bones. The extremities were nothing more than an almost insensible dust; what was left of the bones turned, when touched, into a moist yellow paste of a reddish hue. It would be difficult to form an exact idea of the remains of a human body, reduced to a condition so near to absolute annihilation. A little whitish dust marked the place where the head had been, and showed the bones of the shoulder, of the thigh, the knees, and the ankles; vestiges of this dust still traced, with broken lines, the direction of some of the bones; but it was not a body, it was not a skeleton that we saw, they were vestiges hardly to be distinguished, and at the slightest breath the whole disappeared. The two bodies that I saw in this state had been buried for fourteen or fifteen centuries. That of the woman, or, at least, that which I took for such, was less destroyed than the other."

While thus engaged M. Agincourt was attended by a man named Pietro Luxi, who had been employed as a guide in the catacombs for more than forty years. The tranquil indifference would have reminded some of a character drawn by an English poet:—

"See yonder maker of the dead man's shed,
The sexton—hoary-headed chronicler,
With hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er
stole
The gentle tear."

but it struck our author differently. What we might have regarded as dull insensibility, he considered virtuous philosophy, and we are told:—

"The peace of his soul imprinted on his countenance appeared to me to be the sign of the recompense awarded to his long labours in the mansion of eternal happiness."

This was prettily said, but one of his reviewers very pertinently adds:—

"It is not to be denied that the aspect of Peter Luxi is cheerful and contented, but there are temporal causes that are perhaps sufficient to account for "*la paix de son âme empreinte dans ses traits*"; there is a society

consisting of twenty-four persons, who are entitled, "*Cavatori delle Catacombe*," whose only business is to explore the catacombs when required, and to search for the remains of martyrs. Their duty is very light, and by a whimsical appropriation of a part of the revenue of the Holy See, the fees that are received for dispensations to marry within the prohibited degrees, and for other matrimonial indulgences, are set apart for their maintenance; out of this fund they receive a competent salary, together with their sacristan and the keeper of the catacombs, "*Custode delle Catacombe*," and a prelate, who is of course well paid for yielding auspices. Peter is a distinguished member of this fraternity, and during a long life has known no other care than the trouble of receiving his stipend, and of being in attendance as a spiritual butler, to produce from the proper bin in his vast cellars whatever relics His Holiness may think proper to order."

Truly this, if any think could, would reconcile a man to the grave.

CARLYLE'S PAST AND PRESENT.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

When, across the hundred-fold poor scepticisms, trivialisms, and constitutional cobwebberies of Dryasdust, you catch any glimpse of a William the Conqueror, a Tancred of Hauteville, or such like,—do you not discern veritably some rude outline of a true God-made king; whom not the champion of England cased in tin, but all nature and the universe were calling to the throne? It is absolutely necessary that he get thither. Nature does not mean her poor Saxon children to perish of obesity, stupor, or other malady, as yet; a stern ruler and line of rulers, therefore, is called in,—a stern but most beneficent perpetual house-surgeon is called in, by nature, and even the appropriate fees are provided for him! Dryasdust talks lamentably about Hereward and the ten counties; fate of Earl Waltheof; Yorkshire and the North reduced to ashes; all which is undoubtedly lamentable. But even Dryasdust apprises me of one fact: "A child, in this William's reign, might have carried a purse of gold from end to end of England." My erudite friend, it is a feat which outweighs a thousand! Sweep away thy constitutional, sentimental, and other cobwebberies; look eye to eye, if thou still have any eye, in the face of this big burly William Bastard: thou wilt see a fellow of most flashing discernment, of most strong lion-heart; in whom, as it were, within a frame of oak and iron, the gods have planted the soul of "a man of genius." Dost thou call that nothing? I call it an immense thing. Rage enough was in this

Willelmus Conquestor, rage enough for his occasions; and yet the essential element of him, as of all such men, is not scorching fire, but shining, illuminative light. Fire and light are strangely interchangeable; nay, at bottom, I have found them different forms of the same most God-like "elementary substance" in our world: a thing worth stating in these days. The essential element of this Conquestor is, first of all, the most sun-eyed perception of what is really what on this God's earth; which, thou wilt find, does mean at bottom "justice" and "virtues" not a few: conformity to what the Maker has seen good to make; that, I suppose, will mean justice and a virtue or two?

I have a certain indestructible regard for Willelmus Conquestor. A resident house-surgeon, provided by nature for her beloved English people, and even furnished with the requisite "fees" as I said: for he by no means felt himself doing nature's work, this Willelmus, but his own work exclusively! And his own work withal it was: informed "*par la splendeur de Dieu*." I say it is necessary to get the work out of such a man, however harsh that be! When a world not yet doomed for death is rushing down to ever deeper bareness and confusion, it is a dire necessity of nature's to bring in her aristocracies, her best, even by forcible methods. When their descendants or representatives cease entirely to be the best, nature's poor world will very soon rush down again to baseness; and it becomes a dire necessity of nature's to cast them out. Hence French revolutions, fine point charters, democracies, and a mournful list of *etceteras*, in these our afflicted times.

ON THE PULPIT.

More touching still, there is not a hamlet where poor peasants congregate, but by one means and another a church apparatus has been got together; roofed edifice, with revenues and belfries; pulpit, reading-desk, with books and methods; possibility, in short and strict prescription, that a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful; even in its greatest obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This speaking man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point; yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the industry of modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing and never so languidly making still some endeavour to save the souls of men: contrast him with with a man professing to do little but shoot the

partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this speaking one, and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy; for there is need of him yet! The speaking function, this of truth coming to us with a living voice, nay, in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar: this, with all our writing and printing functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again—take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *devil* now is! Original Sin and such like are bad enough, I doubt not: but distilled Gin, dark Ignorance, Stupidity, dark Corn Law, Bastille and Company, what are they! Will he discover our new real Satan, whom he has to fight: or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old extinct satans; and never see the real one till he feel him at his own throat and ours? That is a question for the world! Let us not intermeddle with it here.

THE FIRST ENGLISH RAILWAY.

"In 1821, an act was passed for making a railway—the *FIRST* of the modern or travelling class—between *Darlington* and *Stockton*.

"The directors would have been satisfied with a *ten mile* speed: and one of the umpires selected to adjudge the premium was Mr. Nicholas Wood, who, even after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington, had published, IN FAVOUR of locomotive engines, the following opinion:—

"It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather *professions*, of the *enthusiastic speculatist* will be realised, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such NONSENSE!"

"We suspect that the *enthusiast* here alluded to was Mr. George Stephenson. We have been informed that when he was about to appear as a witness before the committee on the first bill, he was earnestly entreated by the promoters of the measure not to shock the common sense of the members by stating his expectations of speed higher than ten miles an hour; and when, under the excitement of a cross-examination, he talked of fifteen or even twenty miles an hour, he was saluted with some by no means complimentary exclamations, and a strong intimation that he was a fit candidate for Bedlam."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 147, just published.

Truly, the only safe definition of NONSENSE we take to be that of the father of modern lexicography—"Sir, it is *nonsense* to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

The Sinker.

Fire Escape.—At the late fire, which destroyed the Sun public house, in Gray's Inn Lane, two persons were saved by Mr. Wivell's fire escape, which in a few minutes was brought from the Foundling Hospital. Measures are taking to bring them into general use. Their efficacy has been so well tested that there can be no doubt that by their means many lives will be annually preserved, and much property saved from destruction.

The Ball that killed Nelson.—This fatal relic—preserved by the late Sir William Beatty, who was principal medical attendant on board the *Victory* at the time of the fatal event—has been presented by his eldest surviving brother, Captain Beatty, as an interesting national relic, to the Queen, and will, it is said, be deposited in Windsor Castle. Greenwich Hospital would seem to be its more appropriate place of deposit. The ball, with the particles of the coat and epaulette that were forced into the body, has been set within a crystal case, which is appropriately mounted with a double cable of gold around its circumference, and opens like a watch.—*Athenaeum*.

Lord Byron.—Among the objects intrusted to the care of the banker Caccia, who was declared a bankrupt last May, was a box containing the MSS. of Lord Byron. The box, belonged to the Countess Guiccioli, to whom the great poet bequeathed his most precious *souvenirs*, was claimed on the 19th from the syndic of the bankruptcy by M. Micard, the attorney for the countess. Besides the MSS. of all the printed works of Lord Byron there are a few unpublished poems.—*Revue de Paris*.

Ancient Privilege of the Church.—In 1240, an accident, says Manning, happened in the Abbey of Waverley, which furnishes a striking picture of the times, as well as of the resolution and authority of an abbot. A young man, about Easter, was received into the house in the capacity of shoemaker to the convent, where he exercised his craft till about the beginning of August, when a party was sent by the king's orders to secure him on a charge of murder. They came, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of this holy body, executed the commission they were sent upon, and carried the young man away to prison. Astonished at this impious outrage on their privileges, and foreseeing, as their annalist very justly observes, that if things should go on at this rate there would soon be an end of all distinction between religious and seculars, the monks, having first agreed to suspend divine service in the house until satisfaction should be made, dismissed their abbot to the legate, Cardinal Otho, or

Ottobon, at that time in England, with a proper representation of their case. The legate heard what they had to say, but stirred not in the matter. The abbot hereupon laid it before the king, requiring in pretty high terms, that God and Holy Church should be avenged of those irreverent officers, by an immediate restitution of their charge. The king seemed well enough inclined to gratify him; but, the lords and great men of the council interfering, all he could obtain was a promise to be heard upon his petition, on condition of taking off the interdict under which he had laid his convent. At the time appointed, the charters, muniments, and privileges of the order were laid before the king and council, who commented upon them as they thought fit, and not much to the advantage or satisfaction of the complainants. The friends of Holy Church prevailed; and it appearing upon the face of the charters, &c.—“That the precincts of abbeys and their estates were, by apostolical authority, exempted from the encroachments of all wicked and profane persons, i. e. from all lay visitations whatsoever, and inviolable as the altars of churches,” the murderer was restored to the holy fraternity.

Sonnet.

Oh! when shall man th' invigorating air
Respire, unshackled by the Helots' chain,
Nor from his enervating toils repair,
Soon to return to waste what pow'rs remain.
His health and life for the oppressor's gain,
Oh, Heav'n! that energies should thus be lost,
Which, cultur'd, might to fame's proud height
attain.
And prove, perchance, a nation's ardent boast.
If e'er the patriot's malediction rise,
Sure it must fall upon the shameless head
Of one who mocks fair freedom's type—the skies,
Dooming the subjected to toll for bread,
Beyond those limits nature has assign'd,
Blasting the fruit which else would dignify
the mind. L. M. S.

The Madonna, of Loretto.—The treasure of the sanctuary of Our-Lady-of-Loretto has just vanished. The event has thrown the court of Rome into consternation. At the time the French conquered Italy, the pontifical government removed to Rome the Madonna's rich coffer, in order to shelter it from the profane covetousness of the conquerors. Since the restoration it has been conveyed back to Loretto, and new offerings had increased its richness. Count Rocchi, receiver-general of the province of Ancona, to whose custody the coffer of holy Loretto was intrusted, had embarked in an Austrian steamer to Trieste, and carried off the contents of all the coffers, the keys of which he had in his possession.—*Revue de Paris.*

The Upas Tree.—A living plant of this celebrated tree was lately presented to the Horticultural Society by the East India Company, and is now growing in the Chiswick-gardens. It is in perfect health, and,

notwithstanding the fables of Dutch travellers, may be approached with safety. It is, however, so virulent a poison that no prudent person would handle it without proper precaution.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

To Friendship.

O Friendship! thou art all an idle name,
And unsubstantial as the summer cloud!
When Fortune favours, ardent is thy flame;
But when beneath her scowl the mind is bow'd
Thy lamp grows pale—and paler still it grows,
Till not a beam is left the hapless wight,
Of that resplendent glare, which round him roas
Erewhile, unneeded!—Now has fallen his night
Of need—Thy kindly succour would he ask,
To shield him from the shafts aim'd at his heart,
But, ah! 'tis vain: too well thou lov'st to bask
In Mammon's dazzling sunshine, to impart
One drachma of thy gold, e'en for an hour,
To snatch thy vot'ry from Oppression's pow'rs.

Shakspeare's Jug.—This relic of the immortal bard has found its way to Gloucester, having been purchased at Mrs. Turkerville's sale by Mrs. Fletcher, the wife of Mr. Fletcher, gunsmith, who purchased it for nineteen guineas and the duty. The jug is of cream-coloured earthenware, about nine inches in height. It is divided longitudinally into eight compartments, and horizontally subdivided, and within these the principal deities of the Grecian Mythology are represented in rather bold relief. It was deified, with other effects of Shakspeare, to his sister Joan, who married William Hart, of Stratford-upon-Avon. The Harts subsequently settled in Tewkesbury, and the jug was preserved by them through several generations with religious care; but a few years ago it passed out of their hands. Mrs. Fletcher is a direct descendant of the Harts, and by her spirited competition she has again brought the interesting relic into the possession of her family, which had for so many years preserved it.—*Times.*

Ancient Scoffers at Religion.—“To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended, 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves, who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but

then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.'—*Bishop Warburton.*

Sonnet on Burns.

It wasna like thee, Scotia, to gar pine,
Thy bonnie bard till Death stapt a' his tears,
And then, when a' was ower, to deave our ears
Wi' fu' some praises o' his fiery line.
Thou might ha' ken'd, methink, his soul divine
Was nae fit tenant o' the dull Excise,
Whar his big breast could hardly vent its sighs;
Writin' on an auld barrel that "Auld Lang Syne!"
But thou amaisit made up for't, I opine,
When Scott cam on; and fand thee richt and true,
To him thou lifted aff the bannet blue,
And welcomed him wi' a' that heart o' thine.
Ah! Time's auld wheel 'ill mak fu' monie turns,
Afore we'll hae anither Scott or Burns!

Professor Hope, of Edinburgh.—The Edinburgh newspapers of last week announce the death there of Professor Hope, who has so long and so successfully filled the chair of chemistry in the Scottish University—so justly honoured for its great men in this branch of science.

Poets Honoured.—The king of Prussia has presented his Order of Merit to the Italian poet, Manzoni, and the Danish, Oehlenschläger.

Death of M. Saint-Hilaire.—The Paris papers announce the decease of a well-known member of the Academy of Sciences in its anatomical and zoological section, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. M. Saint-Hilaire was professor of geology at the Museum of Natural History.

Paper-making.—The *Cheltenham Chronicle* states, that extensive mills have been taken at Chalford, near Stroud, for the manufacture of paper from *wheat-straw*. It is affirmed, that from this new material for paper-making, both the finest and coarsest qualities of paper, by a new process, can be produced.

Dr. Southey.—The committee for erecting the monument to the memory of Dr. Southey, have altered their original plan. Instead of a tablet with a medallion, they now propose a shrine, with a recumbent figure of the poet upon it, from a design by Mr. G. P. Lough.

Approaching Dangers.—"A greater revolution than the world has yet seen is still in the womb of time. Greater than that of France, but growing out of it. It will deal with property in a way that property has never yet been dealt with. The present unequal distribution of it is pregnant with convulsion. A darkness has long been collecting in the horizon, prophetic of a storm, that when it comes—and it is not very far in the distance—will shake the territorial

aristocracy to its foundations. It will be felt—and fearfully too—by wealth of every kind, whether of inheritance or acquirement."—*Strictures on Coningsby.*

Trade Exhibitions in France.—There is in Paris a congregation of delegates from different European states, to the number of twenty-two, severally committed to examine into the proceedings of the great trade exhibition there going on, and the various productions exhibited.

Chinese Little Goes.—The Chinese, as a nation, are great gamblers; even the very poorest of them cannot resist temptation; and in one of the principal streets of Ning-Po, it is quite amusing to see, after night-fall, the numerous stalls of oranges, sweet-meats, and other trifling curiosities, at each of which there is a wheel of fortune or dice, surrounded by great numbers trying their luck with a few copper cash, and evincing by their looks and language the utmost interest in the stopping of the wheel or the throwing of the dice.

Ning-Po.—As a place of trade, Ning-Po has many advantages—it is itself a large town, in the midst of a populous country, and has excellent water communication with all parts of the empire, and doubtless will carry on an extensive trade with Europe and America.

Dalmas, condemned to be executed for murder, is stated to be a very able chemist, and to have a secret relating to sulphuric acid for sale, valued at 5,000*l.*

Singular Ordinance.—The Spanish government deeming uniformity of spelling a matter of national importance, have promulgated an ordinance to restore the orthography of the language to a system of uniformity. For some time it is complained that every teacher and professor has modified the spelling at his own caprice—an abuse threatening to exercise a fatal influence on the language, and create confusion and uncertainty in the interpretation of important documents. Accordingly, it is decreed, that without interfering with the right of every author in his works, to spell as he sees fit, all elementary professors shall teach conformity with the system of orthography adopted by the Royal Spanish Academy, on pain of losing their diploma.

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CORRESPONDENTS.

"Juno's!" question should have been answered sooner if we could have answered it satisfactorily. Cambodunum was the name of a city of Vindelicis, and of Almsbury, in Yorkshire, but we know of no place bearing the name she has forwarded. The present population of London is believed to be about 2,800,000.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 2, Tavistock street, Covent-garden.

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